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CARRIER BOY'S ADDRESS

— OF THE —

PRESCOTT TELEGRAPH,

— TO HIS PATRONS. —

JANUARY 1st. 1889.

A Happy New Year to you, friends.
The Carrier comes with bounding heart;
He has no irksome task to-day,
And cheerfully takes a New Year start.

For fifty two successive weeks
He's made the circuit of the town,
Through mud and dust, and cold and heat,
And when the storm was pouring down.

A form of light and airy grace,
A truthful, honest youth he looks,
Such fellows as you read about—
The good boy in the S. S. books.

He brought you news of what transpired
In every land and clime and zone,
An outline of the "Wide, Wide World,"
Wherever human kind are known.

He furnished for your studious minds
The Telegraph each week,
Which told events as they transpired
And gave the news you love to seek.

A thousand notes of Local News
It brought to view within the year,
A welcome friend whose weekly call
You always held extremly dear.

The Telegraph, the people's sheet,
He proudly hands you, knowing well,
In winter's blast or summer's heat
Naught but what's right and true t'will tell.

No slanders found among its lines,
No lies to rob or swindle,
But comments on what's of the times
And man's best thoughts to kindle.

You smile to hear the Carrier's call,
Wait most impatiently his delay,
He hopes with smiles you too will greet
His extra visit of to-day.

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